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Broken Shards



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Chapter 1 by Anastasia Bare

I stood, my brown dress fluttering in the wind. I hear the gong sound and I know it is time. Time to be judged.

I make my way to the square, it's dusty center is no help to my spirits, I am already feeling sad. My village does this thing where we draw ten girls, the ten girls are to be judged by the prince. Whichever one he chooses, if he loves them enough they become his wife, or if not wife, servant. The girls that are not chosen are hung in te square. It happens every year, and just my luck, I got drawn.

The chances of him choosing me are very slim, and either way I would absolutely hate it if I was to be someone's servant or wife.

I am begining to accept death.

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